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"I Tell You, Barkins, this Fair is a Good One."

Lunatics at Washington.

Recent events at Washington cannot have failed to call general attention to the vast number of queer birds that habitually roost about the Capital City. All the distorted mental action of this country appears to gravitate to Washington. "Right-witted" characters seem to be naturally thrown into that city on the top of a wave, like so many corks, and landed there. No one who has spent any time at the Capital can have failed to note them.

They appear at every turn. The stranger who takes in the city "during the season" will see varieties of human nature enough to astonish him. He will wish there were not so many varieties. Perhaps he drops in at a meeting of ladies, to hear the woman suffragists plead their cause. Nothing, apparently, could be more conducive to repose and quiet than that. But it will not be surprising at any moment to be startled from his complacency by the apparition of a female fury flourishing a pistol in the face of the fair speech-makers, and declaring that she is a Communist, and means to kill somebody, so she could get her rights. Such a circumstance happened not many winters ago. The Washington lunatic with a pistol is not confined to the masculine sex alone.

Quack doctors, women in pantaloons, long-haired phrenologists, spiritualist lecturers, bewitching the ignorant every hotel and street corner, till he begins to catch anxious eyes towards Congressmen, and to wonder privately whether they are not going crazy too.

The man who attended to assassinate President Jackson, in 1835, was an undoubted lunatic. Many of them poster the Patent Office. They come with tales of miraculous inventions they have made. Men with wild eyes, and shiny hair and clothing go about flapping their wings, and the President of the United States. In some cases they go to the Executive Mansion itself, and demand that the occupant be turned out, and that they be given their rightful place.

Tumbled-up looking women, with wild hair standing out like quills upon the fretful porcupine, and crazy bonnets, haunt the departments with messages from the spirits to the Treasurer, or President, or General of the Army. They are usually controlled by the spirit of George Washington, and he is anxious to show us through their how to boss this country. Newspaper correspondents have often alluded to this strange mode of lunacy at Washington. They have been allowed to come and go everywhere, as they pleased, being merely laughed at and asked, "If I have never been thought necessary heretofore to shut them up, not even as far as their tongues are concerned. But there ought to be a change in that respect now. There is always a pressure of excitement at the Capital. Sometimes it breaks out in scandals, sometimes in craziness. In a city where there is always more or less mental strain of the kind that is felt there, nobody can tell when a harmless lunatic may develop into a dangerous one. In fact, unless lunatics are very rare. Heretofore, it will undoubtedly be the part of wisdom to thrust behind the bars persons who are a menace and a roll of manuscript should be strictly watched.

In one respect the unbridled lunatics who drift to the Capital unanimously agree. They all have boundless ideas of their own importance. It is the leading characteristic of lunatics the world over. Perhaps, indeed, one may safely conclude that persons who think great things of their own abilities and merit, are always more or less cracked.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Lamentations.

Life is a strange mass of contradictions. When you expect least enjoyment you obtain the most; where you think you have given most satisfaction you have given least. When you are sick, you would be well; when well you try to be sick. When you fancy yourself the wisest of men, you are the dullest of fools. The girl you are most in love with is least in love with you. What you cannot get you would obtain; what you have you do not value.

Protesting Witnesses.

The law is charitable. It presumes that all men will do their duty, and it looks every man innocent of an alleged crime until he has been proved guilty. Lawyers, on the contrary, are inclined to be uncharitable, especially toward witnesses who testify against their clients.

"Though they have sworn," to tell the truth, they soon learn, and nothing but the truth, the opposing counsel usually takes it for granted that they will go as near committing perjury as their fears will permit.

Doubtless, there is much to be said in justification of the lawyer's course. They see much of the perversion of witnesses, and many attempts to conceal one fact, or to exaggerate another. It is not strange, therefore, that they should doubt the truthfulness of any witness, when interested in a cause—and a majority of witnesses are partisans. Their skepticism is often made offensively prominent in a cross-examination. The lawyer's manner says, "You have sworn to it, and I know it, and the jury shall know it, too, before I'm done with you."

Then he puts a series of questions for the purpose of disconcerting the witness, so that he may contradict himself and thus spoil his evidence. If the questions fail to effect the purpose, then they are reinforced by browbeating.

Daniel Webster once tried this method upon a clergyman's wife, Mrs. Greenough, of Newton, Mass., a self-possessed and majestic-looking woman.

The question before the court was that of a Mrs. Badger's sanity of mind, she having made a will during her last sickness. Mr. Webster, who had been retained by those who were trying to break the will, saw that the testimony of Mrs. Greenough, she being a witness for the opposite side, would have great weight with the jury. He reasoned, therefore, to spoil her evidence if he could.

He began his cross-examination by putting a certain question, which Mrs. Greenough commenced to answer by saying, "I believe."

"We don't want to know what you believe, madam," roared Webster; "we want to hear what you know."

"That was what I was about to say," replied Mrs. Greenough, going right on with a clear answer to the question. Again and again, Mr. Webster, seeing the effect of her evidence upon court and jury, tried to embarrass her.

At length, irritated by his failure to rattle the self-possessed witness, he sprang to his feet, drew out his snuff-box, took a pinch, and holding a large banjo in his left hand, he blew a sonorous blast.

"Mrs. Greenough," he asked, while the report was vibrating, looking sharply at her, "was Mrs. Badger a neat woman?"

"I can't say so to that, sir," she had one very dirty trick.

"What was that?"

"She took snuff."

The Court House shook with peals of laughter from judges, jury, bar and spectators.



The Apple of His Eye.

A Fine Meteorite from Alaska.

About eight months ago, John Muir, celebrated as a traveler and a litterateur, noticed in the possession of some Alaska Indians an acrolite of rare beauty, and brought a fragment of it to the State Mining Bureau of California. This specimen was examined and tested by application of acids revealed upon its face the exquisite lines of crystallization which characterize true meteoric iron. The body was seen to fall, a mass of flame, by the father of one of the oldest Indians in Chilcat, over a hundred years ago, and was afterward sought out and carried to the Indian village. Through the co-operation of the Northwestern Trading Company, the Mining Bureau succeeded in its commanding negotiations for its purchase, and, for a consideration which seems meager as Esau's mess of pottage, in the eyes of scientists, the State of California acquired near title to the meteorite, and it has arrived in San Francisco. The acrolite is exceedingly irregular in shape; and the projecting points are as bright as if they had been burnished. A succession of nut-shaped hollows, which cover almost the entire surface, and give it a curious aspect, and its fantastic contours look almost as if it had been molded by some unknown power into the shape of a head of a strange beast. It weighs a hundred pounds or upward, and has been christened, in honor of the locality from which it was produced, "Chilcat Meteor."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Reverend and educated women will sometimes suffer in silence for years, when by letting out their coarset strings an inch or two relief might be had at once.

Perils of Sleeping Cars.

There is a good deal of interest manifested these days on the part of the American people relative to the matter of sleeping cars for the two sexes. It is a move in the right direction, and we hope it will win. As it is now, no gentleman traveling alone is safe.

Several months ago, entirely alone, we traveled from Laramie to Chicago and back, making the round trip with no escort whatever. Our wife was detained at home, and that entire journey was made with none to whom we could look for protection.

When we returned our hair had turned perfectly white with the horror of those dreadful nights.

There was one woman from Philadelphia, whose name we will not mention, and who rode all the way between Omaha and Chicago in one car. Almost the first thing which we started out of Omaha she began to make advances toward us by asking us if we would not hold her lunch basket while she went after a drink.

She also asked us for our knife to peel an orange.

These things look small and insignificant, but in the light of later developments they are of vital importance.

That evening we saw with horror that the woman's section was adjoining our own.

We asked the conductor if this could not be changed; but he laughed coldly and told us to seek our head, or some such unfeeling remark.

There is one bad feature of the present system. A man traveling alone gets no sympathy or assistance from the conductor.

It would be impossible to describe the horror and indignation of that awful night. All through its vigil we suffered on and on, when tired nature yielded, and we fell into a troubled sleep.

There we lay, fair and beautiful, in the soft glow of approaching day, thousands of miles from our home, and less than ten feet away, a great horrid woman from Pennsylvania, to whom we had not even been introduced.

How we could have slept so soundly under the circumstances we are yet unable to tell, but after perhaps twenty minutes of slumber we saw, above the footboard of our berth and peering over at us, the face of that woman. With a wild scream we were on our feet in the side of the car. The other berths had all disappeared but ours.

The other passengers were sitting quietly in their seats, and it was half-past nine o'clock. The woman from Pennsylvania was in the day coach.

It was only a horrid dream.

But supposing it had been a reality! And any man that travels alone is liable to be insulted at any time. We do not care for luxury in traveling. All we want is the assurance that we are safe.

The experience which we have narrated above is only one of a thousand. Did you note the careworn look of the man who is traveling alone? The wild, haunted expression on the countenance and the horrible apprehension that is depicted there!

You may talk about the various causes that are leading men downward to early graves, but the nervous strain induced by the fear that while they are taking out their false teeth or buttoning their suspenders, prying eyes are looking over the foot-board of their berths, is constructing more new-made graves than consumption or the Ute war.—Nye's Boomerang.

Men Who Make Journalists.

It has been remarked that very few men who get into journalism start out with such intentions. They drift in accidentally, are prompted as they develop capacity. Money, wealthy parents and inducements are a sort of service in getting a young man a place on a newspaper. There is no business that is so entirely independent of all these considerations as this. A wealthy father can easily get his son a location to read law or medicine, or push him forward in almost any rank in life he may select; but he is utterly powerless to do anything for him in a journalistic way. To be sure he may buy a newspaper, and set him up in that way, but unless there is something in him called "journalistic knack," a natural knowledge of what to write and how to write it, he will be a failure in that line, and all the money and influence of wealthy and powerful relatives will count for nothing. Some fond parents educate their sons with the special view of making journalists of them; but it is rare that we hear of these young men after a few years. Meanwhile, some youth born among the hills, having nothing more than a common school education, and the knowledge scraped up in a country printing office, will advance to the front rank in the profession. He has the journalistic knack, and fixes recognition because he has it. He gets into a good position, not because he has wealthy parents to influence the proprietors of leading newspapers, but because he knows what to write and how to write it. His articles go in because they supply a demand, while perhaps the elaborate essays of a man educated on two continents are cast into the waste basket.

Now, Then, Etc.

Said a prim teacher to the class in composition: "Make a rhyming couplet including the words nose, toes, kettle, cat, two and boil." There was a silence for a little while, and then a boy held up his hand in token of success. "Read the couplet," said the teacher, and the boy read: "A ball in the bottle is worth two on your nose, And a cow in the ear is worth two on your toes."



Looking at the Cattle.

Sour Bread.

The venerable Dr. Woolsey, of Yale, who is much interested in securing a general law of divorce throughout the United States, is asked by an interviewer if he does not think that sour bread has much to do with divorce. Whereat the doctor wonderingly asks, "Sour bread? What is that?"

Let us answer.

Sour bread, doctor, is death. Sour bread is sin. Sour bread is original sin. Sour bread is dyspepsia. Sour bread poisons first the body and then the mind. Sour bread is impurity taken into the stomach and from there disseminated into the brain. Sour bread is not the bread for inspiration or wisdom. Sour bread eaten to give nutriment and strength, and giving none, causes desire for the artificial stimulants, tobacco and whiskey. Pure food, doctor, helps largely to make pure men and women. Wives who poison their husbands daily, doctor, with dishes fried in rancid lard or butter, for who mix animal grease in a state of semi-decomposition with their hot bluenet, or who top off this involuntary system of Laceria Borgiasm with sour bread, are the chief promoters of domestic rows, troubles, wrangles and finally divorce. Sour bread clouds the mind, darkens the understanding, narrows the intellect and weakens the body. Good bread and pure food worked up finally into brain or matter or whatever you choose to call it, gives clear heads, clear ideas, truth, and promotes and leads to gentleness, mercy, charity and peace. The kitchen, doctor, in the neglected corner-stone of your theology. The clock is now one of the despised systems of humanity. Despise not the day of small things, doctor. Spiritually and divinity can't be developed out of a diet of chips, and husbands don't get much better. Husbands, of course, doctor, are bad. All husbands are worse, much worse than their wives. But, as a commencement to make them better, they must have wives who will see that they have good bread. Yes, doctor. Put that in your pipe and smoke it. But perhaps you don't smoke. —Graphic.

Everything Should Pass Off Lively.

Rich Fled in a Trunk.

A young fellow who was one of the "reserve" was ordered to Rome last year to serve the usual fourteen days. He had no trunk. His funds were low. He asked a maiden aunt to lend him a trunk. She had nothing but an old-fashioned portmanteau, which was no longer fit to take it. He could, however, and an other, and ashamed as he was to be seen in such company, there was no help for it, shoulder it he was obliged to do. Offered employment in Rome, he made it his home. The trunk lay hidden and forgotten in a dark closet, until one day while rummaging he came upon it. He determined to send it back to his aunt. As he emptied it he found it had a double bottom; he opened this double bottom; he found in it \$16,000. He carried them to the bank and found the money good. He capered for joy, not only with his legs but with his tongue; so news of the discovery reached his aunt's ears, and she said the money belonged to her, and she found the junk dealer who had sold her the trunk; he willingly became her witness to this fact, but added, "That trunk was my rights and not your aunt's mine." So they have all gone to law.—Paris Correspondence New Orleans Picayune.



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Marrying in Ill-Health.

A prominent Eastern physician has related that he was consulted by two consumptives as to the propriety of marrying. They were both weak in constitution, but intellectually brilliant, and their tastes were harmonious. They loved each other ardently, and could not be happy apart. He counseled them to marry, and they did so. They lived together most pleasantly for about a dozen years, and died at about the same time. According to the physical school of thinkers, they would have remained single, each dragging out the twelve years in solitary discontent. Of course there can be no general rule for cases in which disease exists; each instance must be judged on its own merits.—Cincinnati Gazette.

Incident of Lincoln's Murder.

"Those are not cheerful-looking things, are they?" said Counselor M. A. McDonald, as he sauntered into the office of the United States Marshal, and pointed to a pair of handcuffs which were lying upon the table.

"Not especially enlivening," replied a deputy, picking up the rogue's bracelets and examining them thoughtfully.

"There was a time when I thought they were the most cheerful and terrible things in the world."

The deputy looked up in surprise.

"Yes," continued Mr. McDonald, "I had them both on my hands and feet at once for a number of hours. I assure you they are not pleasant things to wear."

"Were they put on to keep you a prisoner?" queried the deputy, wondering if his friend could have done anything criminal.

"You would have thought so had you been in my place. I was arrested by officers who thought I was J. Wilkes Booth."

"No!" ejaculated the deputy, more as an expression of surprise than an intentional reflection upon the veracity of Mr. McDonald.

"It came about in this way," began the lawyer, whose dark hair and eyes, even now that sixteen years have passed, bear a striking resemblance to the assassin of Lincoln: "Lincoln had been murdered but a few days, and the entire country, plunged in grief, was wild with desire for revenge upon the murderer. My home was in Titusville, Pa., and I was on the way to it from Washington, where my father was then a Government contractor. The route was by way of Erie. The train had left Erie and gone perhaps a dozen miles, when a couple of officers surprised me by putting me under arrest and clapping handcuffs on my feet. In vain I protested. They would not believe that I was not Wilkes Booth. To add to the unpleasantness of the thing, and a fact which also gave color to the belief that I was the President's assassin, it was well known that Booth had interests in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, and had been there a number of times. The men who arrested me did so upon the strength of my great resemblance to a picture of Booth which they had in their possession. When it became known on the train that the assassin of Lincoln had been arrested and was on that very train, the excitement was intense. The officers who were guarding me had all they could do to prevent the infuriated passengers from doing me bodily harm. It had been telegraphed along the line of the road that Lincoln's murderer was under arrest, and would pass through on his way to Titusville. At every station the train was met by infuriated men who climbed upon woodpiles to get a glimpse of me, and many times on that journey I feared that the mob would get possession of me. When the train reached Curry there was a man boarded the train who knew me. But the officers would not listen to him, and it was not until Titusville was reached, where every man, woman and child knew me, that the handcuffs and manacles were removed from my wrists and ankles, and I was allowed my liberty. I have the photograph which furnished the clue to the officers who arrested me in my possession now."—Denver Tribune.

Sayings of Little Ones.

Little Artie came running in from the field one day, exclaiming: "Ma! ma! I seed snuff down here that stuck in his hudd (head) right down in his mouf." Investigation proved that he had found a mud-turtle.

When little Minnie was 2 years old she asked for some water, one night. When it was brought she said: "Papa, can't you get me some fresh water? This tastes a little withered." Her little sister Belle had been accustomed to a light in the room, and waked in great distress, crying: "Me can't see, Aunt Bessie; my eyes are all blowed out." One day, when Minnie was 4 years old, she was telling her grandmother about the sons of Noah—Shem, Ham and Japheth. Her grandmother said: "What, Minnie, ham like this on the table?" "Oh, no, grandmother!" she replied, "like Abraham."

Little Nell mashed her finger in the door, and came up crying and holding it in her other hand. All at once she stopped, as if listening; then, looking up through her tears, exclaimed: "Mamma, there's a little heart in my finger; I feel it frobbing."—Youth's Companion.

There is no work done in the world which expends vitality so fast as writing for the public. It is a work which is never done. It accompanies a man upon his walks, goes with him to the theater, gets into bed with him, and possesses him in his dreams. If he stoops to kiss the baby, before he has reached the requisite angle a point occurs to him, and he hangs in mid-air, with vacant face and mind distraught. "What's the matter?" says Mrs. Emerson, in the middle of the night, hearing her husband groaning about the room. "Nothing, my dear, only an idea!" —James Parton, in North American Review.



A Sour Pair.

"Be jannas," said Patrick O'Rafferty, as he was reading about a case of suicide, "be jabera, if I ever take me own life it will be wid chloroform."

"Niver do the folks of that, Pat," said Mrs. O'Rafferty, "for yer inimities will bring it up agin yer afterwar as long as ye live."

"I know all that, but little I care. It's the best way to do; for ye see ye jist dose off, and ye don't even know ye are dead till ye wake up and rade it in the papers."

"That's true," said Mrs. O'Rafferty, solemnly, and the subject was dropped.



Watching the Crows Go By.

Baby Has Gone to School. The baby has gone to school; ah, me! What will the mother do, With never a call to frolic or play, Or tie a little bow?

Another basket to fill with lunch, Another "good-bye" to say, And the mother stands at the door to see Her baby march away!

Will go from their home out into the world To battle with life alone, And put even the baby in left to cheer The desolate house of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there, Thrown down in careless haste, And tries to think how it would seem If nothing were displaced. If the home were always just as this, How could she bare the loneliness?

Bits of Information.

As elephant does not attain his full growth until he is 16 or 18 years old.

Snails have been put in boiling water and have survived the terrible ordeal.

This wolf's sense of smelling is peculiarly strong. He can smell carrion the distance of nearly a mile.

FOUR-FIFTHS of the animals on the globe, or 300,000 species, belong to the ringed and jointed-footed animals, and of these 150,000 are the six-legged insects.

The coral insect deposits in its body particles of lime, and when it dies its body washes away and leaves its skeleton—the wonderful formation known as coral—behind.

Excursions of hot steel to a cold surface renders it hard. This is usually done by dipping the red-hot metal in water, though other cold surfaces which are rapid conductors will answer the same purpose.

In Holland the preservation of the woodwork of drawbridges, sluices, gates and other works is conducted by the application of a mixture of pitch and tar, wherein are strewn pounded shells, with a mixture of sea sand.

When rivers are much warmer than the air they give rise to fogs, because the rapid evaporation from the warm water pours more water into the atmosphere than it can hold suspended in an invisible state, and consequently the surplus vapor is condensed into mist by the colder air into which it rises. There are conditions of atmosphere when no actual fog is apparent in which darkness prevails, and what are called dry fogs, or sometimes blights. In some cases they are clearly due to smoke, as, for instance, the smoke of burning prairies, which may extend over vast distances.

The waters of the ocean are found to be of an almost uniform saltness, the proportion of salt being 2.7 per cent, which gives a pound of salt (about) to every four gallons of water. The quantity of saline ingredients contained in the sea, according to the late Mr. Mudie, amounts to four hundred thousand billions of cubic feet, which, if piled up, would form a mass 140 miles long, as many broad and as many high—or, otherwise disposed, it would cover the whole of Europe, islands, seas and all, to the height of the summit of Mount Blanc, which is about 16,000 feet.

That the Mississippi may deservedly be called the "Father of Waters" the following data will show: Quantity of water discharged by that river annually, 14,683,380,633,880 cubic feet; quantity of sediment discharged annually, 28,188,083,892 cubic feet; area of the delta of the river, according to Lyell's estimate, 13,000 square miles, and depth of the same, as calculated by Prof. Riddell, 1,056 feet. The delta, consequently, as appears from these figures, contains 400,673,420,440,000 cubic feet, or 2,720 cubic miles, and it would require for the formation, therefore, of one cubic mile of delta five years and eighty-one days—for the formation of one square mile, of the depth of 1,056 feet, one year six months and one-fifth days, and for the formation of the whole delta 14,208 4-5 years.

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Once day the secret agent of the British Government stepped up to Bob Toombs, who was Jeff Davis' Secretary of State, and said: "Mr. Secretary, where will I find the State Department?" "In my hat, sir," replied Toombs, with laconic brevity and truth, "and the archives in my coat pocket."